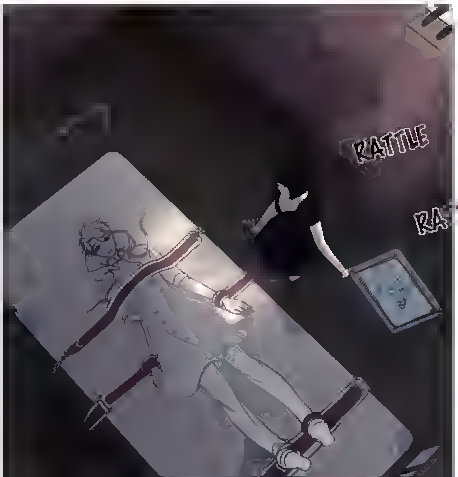
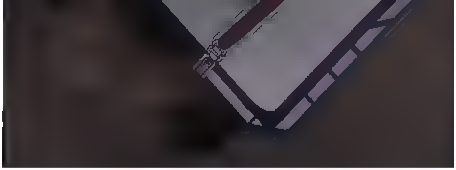
story and art by:
Snailords

Nightmare Factory

ep: 37

Vacant Stare

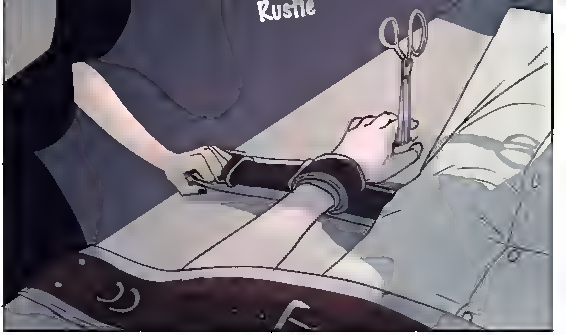

RATTLE
RATTLE



Ba-Dum
Ba-Dum
Ba-Dum

STARE

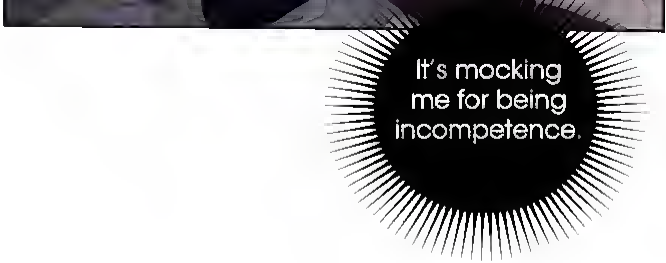
TWIST
HEY! WHY YOU NO SCREAM, THOUGH* !??
*intentional speaking error


Rustle

Oh, how embarrassing...
I missed...

Are you alright?

"Are you alright?"
Are you f*cking kidding me? It's strapped to a bed, yet asks how I'm doing?



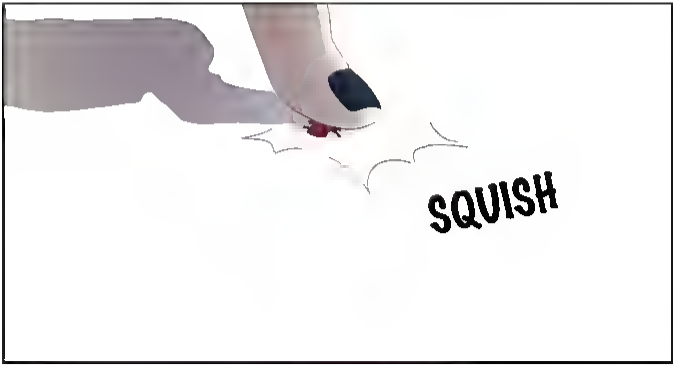
"Useless."

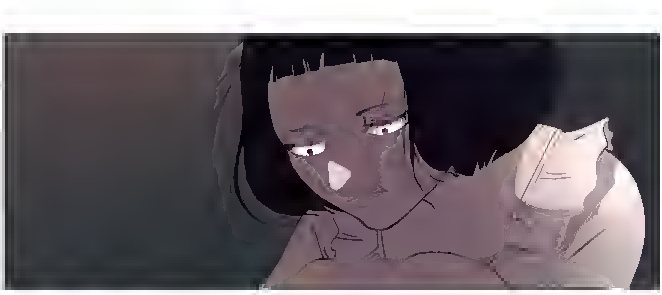
"Go away, freak."

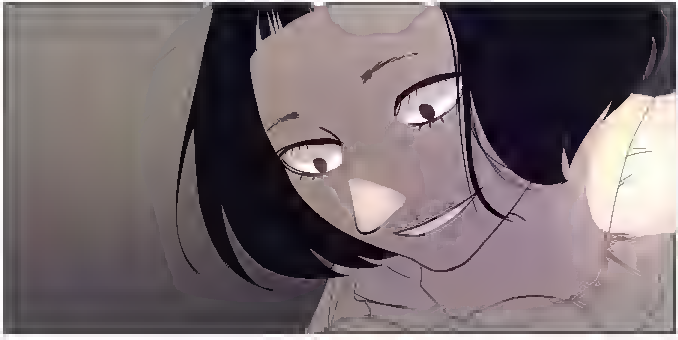
"Why can't you do onything right?"

I don't
reolly hove
o sob story,
you know?

Just o normol
omount of
o**hole
relotives beroting
you over silly
things.


SQUISH





It started with

It started with
little bugs.

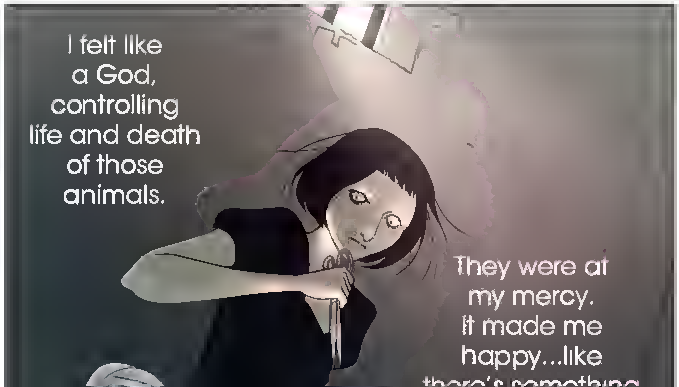
Then eventually
small radents
araund the
hause. .

Everytime
my relatives were
mean ta me, I'd
dismember their
belaved dags, cats,
ar whatever silly things
they decided deserving
better treatment
than me.

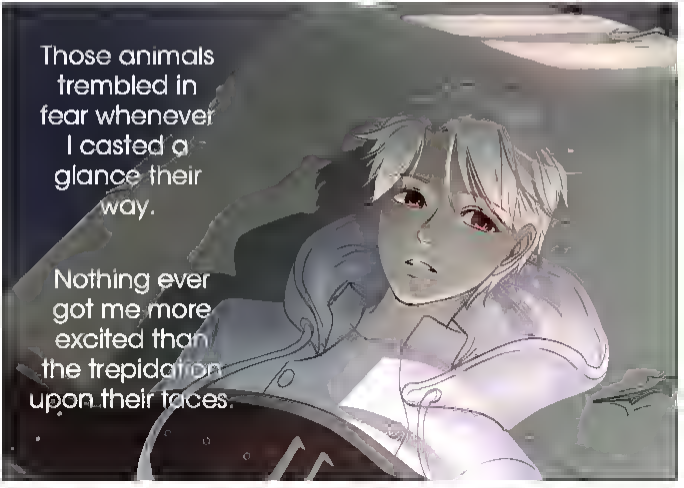
I braught the
carcasses

back every time, though. No one ever noticed a thing.

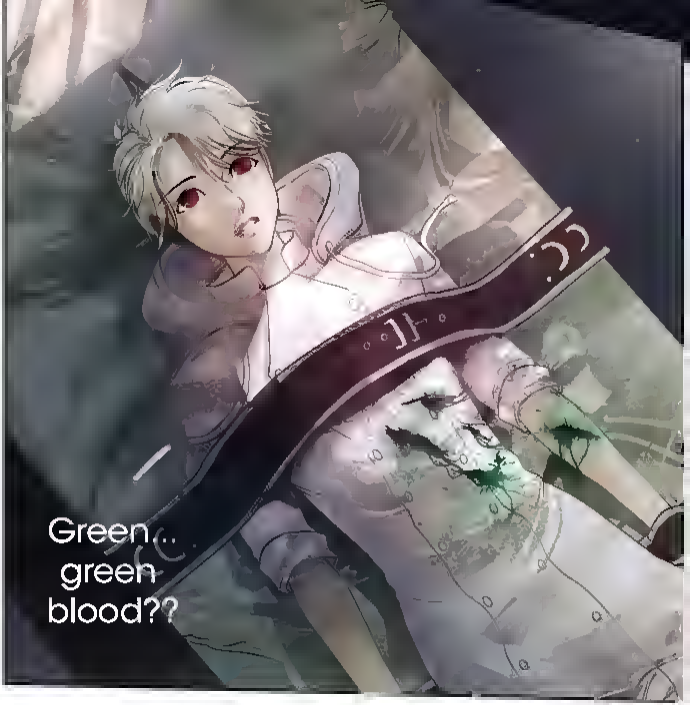
It's a ritual, a stress relief, a little secret to myself. I'll show you useless.



there's something I'm good at.


Those animals trembled in fear whenever I casted a glance their way.
Nothing ever got me more excited than the trepidation upon their faces.

So why!? WHY THE HELL DOES ITJUST BLANKLY STARE AT ME LIKE THAT?
Like I'm some inferior wounded animal!?? WHY AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF ME?
STAB
STAB
STAB


Green...
green
blood??

The pale albino continues
to harass me with its
vacant soulless crimson-eyed
gaze. I don't think I've
seen him blink.

It doesn't flinch.
It doesn't scream.
I stab and stab.

There it lies...still as
a statue. Its eyes
glued upon my
every movement.
Studying me.

I'm afraid.

Trepidation: Fear about something that may happen. Trembling motion.

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